Shy. I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, thats true, thats very true, go *Tuball*, ſee me an Officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazzard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not love)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality;
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me;
But if you do, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had been forſworn: Beſhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and divided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine own I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughty times
Puts barres between the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours not yours, (prove it ſo)
Let Fortune go to hell, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To

To eech it, and to draw it ou
To ſtay you from election.
Baſſ. Let me chuſe,
For as I am, I live upon the r
Por. Upon the racke *Ba*
Whut treaſon there is ming
Baſſ. None but that ugl
Which makes me feare th'i
There may as well be amity
Tween ſnow and fire, as tre
Por. I, but I feare you ſp
Where men enforced do ſp
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, an
Por. Well then, confeſſe
Baſſ. Confeſſe and love
Had been the very ſumme o
O happy torment when my
Doth teach me anſwers for
But let me to my fortune an
Por. Away then, I am lo
If you do love me, you will
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand
Let muſicke ſound while he
Then if he looſe he makes a
Fading in muſique. That th
May ſtand more proper, my
And watry death-bed for h
And what is muſique than?
Even as the flouriſh, when
To a new crowned Monarc
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds i
That creep into the dreami
And ſummon him to marria
With no leſſe preſence, but
Then young *Alcides*, when
The virgine tribute, payed b
To the Sea monſter: I ſtan
The reſt aloofe are the Dar